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DOCTOR WHO

SERIAL 5P

EPISODE 1: 'The Wasting'

by

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"DOCTOR WHO" - EPISODE 1: 'The Wasting'

CAST:

DOCTOR
ROMANA
K9
ADRIC
ZARGO
CAMILLA
AUKON
HABRIS
IVO
MARTA
TARAK
KALMAR
VEROS
N/S GUARDS
VILLAGERS
REBELS
KARL

SETS:

Int. Tardis
Int. Centre
Int. Rebel H.Q.
Int. Tower - State Room

TELECINE:

Woods wasteland etc.

Model Shot

Tower/Space Ship with village at base

"DOCTOR WHO"

EPISODE 1: 'The Wasting'

by

Terrance Dicks

TELECINE 1:

SUPOSE CAM. Opening
 Titles:

END TELECINE 1.

1. EXT. TOWER. NIGHT.

(A GREAT BRONZE
TOWER, OVER-
GROWN WITH RED
IVY, LOOMS OVER
A COLLECTION OF
DWELLINGS HUDDLED
ABOUT ITS BASE.

THREE SMALLER,
SPIKE-SHAPED
TURRETS PROJECT
UPWARDS FROM
THE MAIN TOWER.

Note: What we are
seeing is in fact
a long-grounded
space ship, sur-
rounded by the
pre-fabricated
dwellings of a
planned colony.
But what it should
look like is a
weird alien castle
surrounded by
village huts)

2. INT. STATE ROOM. NIGHT.

(UNRECOGNISABLY
ONCE THE CON-
TROL ROOM OF
A SPACE SHIP.
BUT THAT WAS
A THOUSAND YEARS
AGO. ALL THE
INTERNAL EQUIP-
MENT HAS BEEN
GUTTED LEAVING
THE BARE SHELL
OF THE ROOM,
WHICH HAS BEEN
REFURNISHED IN
BARBARIC SPLEN-
DOR.

ON A RAISED AREA
AT ONE END ARE
TWIN CHAIRS OF
STATE OCCUPIED
BY ZARGO AND
CAMILLA.

WITH THEM IS
AUKON, A SLIGHT
MIDDLE-AGED MAN
IN PLAIN ROBES.
WE WILL LATER
DISCOVER THAT
HE CARRIES AN
AIR OF FORMID-
ABLE POWER, AND
TREATS ZARGO
AND CAMILLA WITH
AN OUTWARD RESPECT
THAT CONCEALS
CONTEMPT.

HABRIS, THE GUARD
CAPTAIN, ENTERS,
FLANKED BY BLACK
CLAD GUARDS -
GRIM HARSH-VISAGED
MEN WHO SELDOM
SPEAK.

HABRIS BOWS TO
ZARGO)

HABRIS: It is the Time of
Selection, my Lord.

ZARGO: Choose well, Aukon.
Let them be filled with
life.

AUKON: (REPROVINGLY) It
is spirit, not flesh, that
the Great One prizes.

CAMILLA: Yet flesh and
blood has its place.

(THERE IS AN
AIR OF CON-
TROLLED EX-
CITEMENT ABOUT
ZARGO AND
CAMILLA)

AUKON: I still look in vain
for the first of the Chosen
Ones. The Great One will
need new servants at the
Time of Arising. Remember
that, Habris.

HABRIS: My Lord.

(HE EXITS,
FOLLOWED BY
HIS GUARDS)

3. INT. CENTRE. NIGHT.

(THE LARGEST OF
THE PRE-FABRI-
CATED DOMES THAT
COMPRISE THE
VILLAGE. A
KIND OF VILLAGE
HALL WITH MANY
FUNCTIONS.

PEASANTS ARE
GATHERING IN
THE HALL..

THERE IS AN
ATMOSPHERE OF
FEAR AND TEN-
SION THOUGH
THE PEASANTS
ARE TOO COWED
TO DISPLAY
MUCH EMOTION.

PROMINENT IN
THE GROUP IS
IVO, A MIDDLE-
AGED GIANT OF
A MAN. A NATURAL
LEADER, HE IS A
KIND OF VILLAGE
HEADMAN.

IVO IS ROUGHLY
SHOVING THE YOUNG
ONES INTO A LINE
ACROSS THE CENTRE
OF THE ROOM. LAST
IN LINE IS KARL.
A MUSCULAR YOUNG
MAN STANDING
CLOSE TO HIS
MOTHER, MARTA.

A LOOK PASSES
BETWEEN KARL
AND IVO, AND
THEN KARL MOVES
TO JOIN THE
OTHERS.

HABRIS ENTERS,
FLANKED BY HIS
GUARDS. HABRIS
SURVEYS THE LINE
OF SCRAWNY YOUNG
PEOPLE. HE
LOOKS UP AND
DOWN THE LINE,
OBVIOUSLY NOT
FINDING WHAT
HE IS LOOKING
FOR)

HABRIS: These are the best?

(MAKING THE BEST
OF A BAD JOB,
HE MOVES ALONG
THE LINE.

EVERY SO OFTEN,
HABRIS TAPS A
GIRL OR A MAN
ON THE SHOULDER,
AND THEY MOVE
AWAY FROM THE
OTHERS TO FORM
A SEPARATE GROUP.

HABRIS COMES TO
KARL WHO
STANDS SULLENLY
APART FROM THE
REST)

You!

(KARL LOOKS
UP)

Come here.

IVO: He's not for the Selec-
tion.

HABRIS: I have to obey
procedure.

KARL: Why? Why do you
obey them? You're not
evil.

HABRIS: Silence.

KARL: You eat with us some-
times. (INDICATING IVO) I've
seen you give my father wine
from the Castle ...

(HABRIS STRIKES
HIM)

HABRIS: (ASIDE TO IVO) You
understand.

IVO: It has to be done.

(HABRIS STOOPS
TO PICK UP
KARL. BUT
THE BOY SHOVES
HIM ASIDE AND
MAKES A FRAN-
TIC DASH FOR
THE DOOR)

HABRIS: Stop him! (cont...)

(THE GUARDS
GRAB KARL AND
TAKE HIM TO
JOIN THE
CHOSEN GROUP.

THEY MOVE AWAY,
FOLLOWED BY
THE GUARDS.

HABRIS LINGERS
A MOMENT)

HABRIS: (TO IVO)

I can promise nothing, you understand.

(IVO LOOKS AT HIM.

HABRIS FOLLOWS THE GUARDS OUT.

IVO TURNS TO THE PEASANTS)

IVO: It is finished. Go.

(JUBILANT OR GRIEF STRICKEN, THE PEASANTS MOVE OFF.

MARTA THROWS HERSELF INTO IVO'S ARMS.

HE PUTS AN ARM AROUND HER AND STARES INTO SPACE, HIS FACE BLEAK)

4. EXT. TARDIS IN SPACE. NO TIME.

(THE TARDIS
SPINNING THROUGH
THE EERIE VOID
OF E-SPACE; A
STYLISED SWIRL-
ING GREEN BACK-
GROUND)

5. INT. TARDIS. NO TIME.

(THE DOCTOR,
ROMANA AND
K9 ARE ALL
GATHERED ROUND
THE CENTRAL
CONSOLE.

THE DOCTOR
IS STUDYING
THE NAVIGATIONAL
INSTRUMENTS
INTENTLY.

K9 IS PLUGGED
IN TO THE TARDIS)

ROMANA: Well, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: Not very. The
Tardis 's feeling queasy.

ROMANA: Must you refer to this
relic as if it had feelings?

THE DOCTOR: She's sensitive
to the general - smallness of
E-space. So would you be if
you were warping about through
it.

ROMANA: We are.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, but not
personally.

ROMANA: But we are personally
trapped.

THE DOCTOR: There's a very low probability of slipping off home through another CVE, true.

ROMANA: So we're trapped.

THE DOCTOR: I wish you wouldn't keep saying that.

ROMANA: Well, we are.
Marooned in the exo-Space/
Time continuum.

(ROMANA SWITCHES
ON THE SCANNER
SCREEN WHICH
SHOWS ONLY THE
ALIEN GREEN
OF E-SPACE)

THE DOCTOR: It might be quite nice here.

ROMANA: Nice!

THE DOCTOR: We won't know till we've seen the sights, meet a few more people. That boy Adric seemed decent enough.

ROMANA: If you like juvenile delinquents.

THE DOCTOR: Underneath.

ROMANA: What if there aren't any more planets.

THE DOCTOR: E-Space isn't that small. Something will turn up.

ROMANA: You are incredible.

THE DOCTOR: Yes, I suppose I must be. I've never given it much thought.

K9: There is one isolated planet at extreme limit of scanner range.

THE DOCTOR: Inhabited?

K9: Habitable. Atmosphere and gravity approximate closely to Earth normal. Day equivalent to twenty three point three earth hours, year to 350 Earth days.

(ROMANA LOOKS
CLOSELY AT THE
DOCTOR RE-
APPRAISING HIM)

ROMANA: How did you know?

THE DOCTOR: Knowing's easy. Everyone does that ad nauseam. I just sort of...hope.

6. EXT. TARDIS. NO TIME.

(AS THE TARDIS
SPINS ON HIS
WAY)

7. INT. TARDIS. NO TIME.

(AS BEFORE.

A ROSEATE
PLANET ON
THE SCANNER
SCREEN)

THE DOCTOR: What do you
make of it K9?

K9: Localised concentration
of metal artefacts suggests
high technology.

THE DOCTOR: Civilization?

K9: Low energy levels suggest
primitive life forms.

ROMANA: Sounds as if it's
come and gone.

K9: Data anomaly.

THE DOCTOR: At least there's
life. And it must have come
from somewhere.

TELECINE 2:

Ext. Countryside -
Woods. Day.

The Tardis materialises
at the edge of a wood.
The door opens and
the DOCTOR and ROMANA
emerge. They look
around them. It is,
if possible, a pleasant
spring day. Sunshine,
birdsong, an air of
rural peace.

THE DOCTOR beams.

THE DOCTOR: Very nice.

ROMANA: Why here?

THE DOCTOR: I put us down
close to K9's energy con-
centration.

THE DOCTOR fishes a
spyglass from his
pocket, puts it to
his eye, and scans
the surrounding
countryside.

THE DOCTOR: There!

He passes the
spyglass to ROMANA.

ROMANA looks.

MODEL SHOT

ROMANA'S POV, as
seen through
spyglass.

Tower with village,
as Scene 1 this time
the whole place is
sunlit, and presents
a peacefully old-
world appearance.

The Doctor takes
back the spyglass.

THE DOCTOR: The protective
castle, with the village
dwellings huddled like
ducklings around their mother.
Classic mediaeval set-up.

ROMANA: K9 said high
technology.

THE DOCTOR: Computers aren't
infallible.

ROMANA: I hope he didn't
hear that

THE DOCTOR goes back
to the still-open
Tardis door.

THE DOCTOR: You'd better stay
here on guard, K9. Don't want
to alarm the natives. See if
you can compute a reverse
transition from existing data.

K9: Inadvisable to venture
onto alien planet without
protection.

THE DOCTOR: Point taken.

THE DOCTOR reaches for
his scarf & wraps it
round his neck. Motioning
K9 to stay put. He closes
the Tardis door.

END TELECINE 2.

8. INT. TARDIS. DAY.

(K9 WHIRRS AND
CLICKS. HE GLIDES
ROUND THE CONSOLE,
PLUGS IN AND
GOES ON WITH
HIS CALCULATIONS.

AFTER A MOMENT
A LOCKER DOOR
SOMEWHERE BEHIND
HIM OPENS A
FRACTION AND
ADRIC PEERS
CAUTIOUSLY OUT)

TELECINE 3:

Ext. Lane. Day.

THE DOCTOR and
ROMANA go on their
way.

ROMANA openly
sceptical, the
DOCTOR chatting
hopefully.

THE DOCTOR: On the other
hand, they may have opted
deliberately for a semi-
rural culture. It's a
mistake to judge by
appearances.

They turn a corner
and come face to face
with a PEASANT. He
wears rough sacking
garments, carries a
primitive agricultural
instrument and looks
generally nasty,
brutish and short.

THE DOCTOR: Perhaps you can
help. Could you possibly
tell me where -

The PEASANT backs
away with an in-
articulate grunt of
fear. He touches
eye, mouth and ears,
in some ritual gesture,
then turns and crashes
off through the hedge.

ROMANA: Don't judge by
appearances Doctor. Ask
some more questions. He's
probably the Astronomer-
Royal.

THE DOCTOR gives her
a reproachful look
and stalks on.

END TELECINE 3.

9. INT. CENTRE. DAY.

(A FEW
PEASANTS
ARE FINISHING
BOWLS OF GRUEL.

IVO AND
HABRIS ARE
WATCHING THEM)

IVO: (SHOUTING) Get a move
on you lot, you'll be late.

(TURNING BACK
TO HABRIS TO
CONTINUE A
PREVIOUS
CONVERSATION)

Increase the food allowances,
and you'll get better results
They're too weak to work
harder.

HABRIS: It's easy for you.
I'm the one who has to report
to the Tower.

IVO: You're the one who has
to tell them about poor
harvests.

HABRIS: I'll see what I can
do.

IVO: That's what you said
about my son.

HABRIS: When there's news,
I'll tell you -

IVO: News! When is there ever
news!

THE DOCTOR: (VO) Excuse me?

(HABRIS AND IVO
TURN AND SEE
THE DOCTOR AND
ROMANA IN THE
DOORWAY.

HABRIS AND
IVO BOTH REACT
WITH ASTONISHMENT
AND FEAR. BOTH
MAKE THE RITUAL
EYES, MOUTH, EARS
GESTURE.

SOMEWHAT
BAFFLED, THE
DOCTOR
RECIPROCATES
BY COPYING THE
GESTURE)

Now that's out of the way,
perhaps you could point us in
the direction of...somewhere
or other.

(IVO AND HABRIS
STARE AT THEM)

HABRIS: You're not from the
Tower?

IVO: Or the village.

ROMANA: That's right.

IVO: It isn't possible.
There is nowhere else?
How can you be here?

THE DOCTOR: Now look here -

(HABRIS REACTS
TO THE NOTE OF
AUTHORITY)

HABRIS: My Lord?

THE DOCTOR: No, no, "Doctor"
will do. This is Romana.

HABRIS: My Lord, how may I
serve you?

THE DOCTOR: I was just
wondering if there were any
scientists in your village.

(MORE SHOCK AND
HORROR FROM IVO
AND HABRIS THEY
LOOK AT EACH OTHER
APPALLED. IT IS
AS THOUGH THE
DOCTOR HAS ENQUIRED
AFTER SORCERERS OR
BLACK MAGICIANS)

(HOPEFULLY) Wise man? Witch
Doctors? Shamans?

IVO: Such things are forbidden,
we know nothing of them here.

HABRIS: If my Lord will excuse
me - my duties ...

(HE EDGES PAST
THE DOCTOR AND
ROMANA AND RUNS
OUT OF THE DOOR)

THE DOCTOR: I take it you
don't get many strangers in
these parts.

IVO: Strangers?

THE DOCTOR: Visitors. People
you don't know.

(Onto page 24.)

IVO: Everyone here is known.

ROMANA: What about people from other villages, or the nearest town?

IVO: There is only the village, and the Tower, nowhere else.

ROMANA: I've heard of rural insularity, but -

(THE DOCTOR WAVES
HER TO SILENCE)

THE DOCTOR: (TO IVO) Who lives in this Tower of yours?

IVO: (ANGRILY) Why do you ask what everyone must know? Are you sent to test me? I am Ivo, headman of this village like my father before me, and his before him. The Lords know I am loyal.

THE DOCTOR: Splendid, yes, I'm sure. So, you serve the Lords - and what do they do for you?

IVO: They protect us from the Wasting.

(HE MAKES THE
RITUAL SIGN)

THE DOCTOR: Did you say 'Wasting'?

IVO: (SHUTTING UP) I have work to do.

ROMANA: Oh, come on. This is silly.

(ROMANA MARCHES
INDIGNANTLY OUT.)

THE DOCTOR PAUSES
IN THE DOORWAY)

THE DOCTOR: These Lords of yours - have they ruled over you long?

IVO: Forever.

THE DOCTOR: Really? As long as that!

(THE DOCTOR GIVES
HIM A THOUGHTFUL
LOOK AND EXITS.

IVO STARES AFTER
HIM FOR A MOMENT.
HE STANDS INDECISIVE
THEN GOES TO A
HIDDEN LOCKER,
OPENS IT AND TAKES
OUT A SMALL WALKIE-
TALKIE DEVICE OF
ULTRA MODERN DESIGN.
IVO SWITCHES
THE DEVICE ON.

LOOKING ROUND TO
MAKE SURE HE
IS ALONE, HE SPEAKS
IN A LOW VOICE)

Kalmar! Kalmar, do you hear me? (cont...)

(AN ANSWERING
CRACKLE FROM
THE DEVICE)

IVO: (cont) Two strangers,
here in the village.

(HE PAUSES.
THERE IS ANOTHER
CRACKLE)

That's right - strangers. They
were asking about scientists.

10. INT. TARDIS. DAY.

(K9 IS STILL
HAPPILY COMPUTING.)

THE LOCKER DOOR
OPENS AND ADRIC
EMERGES CAUTIOUSLY
BEHIND HIM.

ADRIC IS CREEPING
ACROSS THE TARDIS
TOWARDS THE DOOR
WHEN K9 WHIRLS
ROUND, EXTRUDING
THE BLASTER FROM
BENEATH HIS NOSE)

K9: Halt!

(ADRIC HALTS)

Your presence here is
unauthorised. Explain.

ADRIC: You remember me, K9.
Adric?

K9: Immature humanoid - non-
hostile.

(THE BLASTER
RETRACTS)

ADRIC: That's better.

K9: Your presence is still
unauthorised. Explain!

(THE BLASTER
COMES OUT AGAIN)

ADRIC: I stowed away.

K9: Stowed what away?

ADRIC: Myself. I'm a stow-
away.

K9: Stowaway: one who
hides in a ship to obtain free
passage.

ADRIC: I thought I'd join up
with the Doctor and see the
universe. Where are we?

K9: An unidentified planet
in what is referred to as
E-space.

ADRIC: What space?

K9: E-space, to distinguish
it from the larger N-space
of our own origin.

ADRIC: Oh, I see. That
problem again.

K9: These concepts are
unknown to me. The Doctor
will explain.

ADRIC: Where is he?

K9: The Doctor and Mistress
Romana have gone in search of
astro-navigational data.
When my calculations are
finished I shall go and rescue
them.

ADRIC: You just stay here
and do your sums. I'll find
them.

(HE HEADS FOR
THE DOOR)

K9: Stop! Your expedition
is dangerous and unnecessary.

(ADRIC TURNS
BACK)

ADRIC: Listen, K9, I'm a
stowaway, I shouldn't be here
at all.

K9: Correct.

ADRIC: Then the sooner I
leave the better.

K9: The conclusion is
logical.

(K9 GIVES A
BEEP AND THE
TARDIS DOOR OPENS)

ADRIC: Hmm. You're not as
intelligent as I thought.

(HE WAVES TO
K9 AND SLIPS
OUT.

K9 COCKS HIS
HEAD, PUZZLING OUT
ADRIC'S LAST REMARK)

TELECINE 4:

Ext. Woodlands. Day.

THE DOCTOR and ROMANA are walking along a gloomy overshadowed forest track - plenty of hiding places for ambushers. Evening mist drifts eerily through the trees. There is a high-pitched chittering sound.

ROMANA: If you ask me, these people are all a bit simple.

THE DOCTOR: Or complicated.

ROMANA: What?

THE DOCTOR: Just a thought.

ROMANA: We haven't got much astro-navigational information so far. What's that noise?

THE DOCTOR: Some kind of bat, I think.

ROMANA: Bat?

THE DOCTOR: Small flying mammal. They come out at night.

ROMANA: Typical peasants. Think there's nothing in the world beyond their own little village.

THE DOCTOR: Perhaps there isn't. This village was the only settlement that showed up on K9's orbital scan.

ROMANA: Doctor!

ROMANA points. A grey-cloaked, grey hooded FIGURE has appeared in the trees before them. They look round.

More grey-hooded FIGURES are surrounding them. All carry primitive weapons.

THE DOCTOR addresses the nearest FIGURE.

No reply.

The grey-hooded FIGURES close in menacingly.

ROMANA: Well say something, Doctor!

THE DOCTOR: Hullo, I'm the Doctor and she's Romana. We were just passing your charming planet and we thought we'd drop in and take a look round, you know, see the sights, pay a visit to the Tower - is it open to the public by the way? Now look, I know this is probably a silly question, but we were just wondering if you could tell us -

ROMANA: Doctor!

THE DOCTOR: What?

ROMANA: Maybe you'd better shut up.

END TELECINE 4.

11. INT. STATE ROOM. DAY.

(HABRIS IS
REPORTING TO
ZARGO AND
CAMILLA.

AUKON STANDS
BEHIND THEM)

ZARGO: What do you mean,
"vanished"?

HABRIS: We've scoured the
village.

ZARGO: Then the rebels must
have them.

CAMILLA: Strangers! At
a time like this. Why did
you not seize them when they
first appeared?

HABRIS: I had no orders,
my lady. And ... there was
something about them. They
were no peasants, that I
swear. They were - Lords.

ZARGO: We are your lords
Habris. There are no others.

HABRIS: (COWED) Forgive me.

ZARGO: More patrols immediately.
They must be found.

HABRIS: At once, My Lord.

(HABRIS BOWS
AND TURNS TO
LEAVE)

AUKON: Wait.

HABRIS: Master?

AUKON: I will discover the
whereabouts of these strangers.
Spare your guards.

ZARGO: Are you sure?

AUKON: If the strangers are
still on this planet, my
servants will find them.

(HABRIS IS
SWEATING WITH
FEAR)

TELECINE 5:

Ext. Wasteland. Day.

A sprawling rubbish
tip, long overgrown,
with weeds and earth
disguising long-buried
shapes that might once
have been machinery.

THE DOCTOR and ROMANA
are hustled along by
their CAPTORS to a
rusting, half-buried
metal instrument console.

ONE of the grey-hooded
FIGURES produces a
metal device from under
his cloak. There is a
low beep and a panel in
the console, slides back
to reveal a tunnel
leading downwards.

THE DOCTOR and ROMANA
are thrust inside,
and the door closes
behind the little GROUP.

END TELECINE 5.

9. INT. REBEL HQ. DAY.

(A LARGE UNDERGROUND CHAMBER, SCATTERED WITH PILES OF MACHINERY AND ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT MOST OF IT BATTERED AND RUSTY.

THE EQUIPMENT IS PARTIALLY DIS-ASSEMBLED AND IT IS OBVIOUS THAT PEOPLE HAVE BEEN WORKING ON IT, TRYING TO GET IT GOING AGAIN.

THE ROOM ALSO HOLDS BASIC LIVING EQUIPMENT, CHAIRS, TABLES, SLEEPING MATTRESSES, ETC.

PROMINENT IN THE FOREGROUND IS A VIDEO CONSOLE, BASICALLY A BATTERED CABINET WITH A SCREEN AND A FEW CONTROLS.

KALMAR, A THIN, WIRY, WHITE-HAIRED OLD MAN IS WORKING ON THE CONSOLE. KALMAR IS THE LEADER OF THE REBELS, FANATICALLY DEVOTED TO THE RE-
DISCOVERY OF SCIENTIFIC KNOWLEDGE.

TARAK, LEADER OF THE RAIDING PARTY, IS HIS NUMBER TWO. TARAK IS CONCERNED ONLY WITH THE PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF SCIENCE. KNOWLEDGE ONLY INTERESTS HIM IF IT IS USEFUL IN THEIR STRUGGLE.

ONE OR TWO OTHER
REBELS ARE
SCATTERED ABOUT
THE ROOM, WORKING
ON EQUIPMENT, OR
JUST LOOKING ON
CURIOUSLY, ASTONISHED
TO SEE STRANGERS.

TARAK BRINGS THE
DOCTOR AND ROMANA
INTO THE ROOM.
HE TAKES OFF HIS
GREY CLOAK TO
REVEAL ROUGH PEASANT
TYPE CLOTHING.

THE DOCTOR IS LOOKING
AROUND THE ROOM IN
FASCINATION, TAKING
EVERYTHING IN)

THE DOCTOR: Quite a museum
you've got here.

ROMANA: More like a jumble
sale.

(THE REBELS COME
FORWARD)

VEROS: Look at their faces ...
their clothes. They're strangers!

TARAK: We found them in the
forest. The man calls himself
"Doctor."

KALMAR: Doctor! It is a word
I have seen in the old records.
It is a title, used by scientists.
Are you a scientist, Doctor
like me?

(KALMAR PRONOUNCES
THE WORD WITH A
KIND OF REVERENCE)

THE DOCTOR: Well, I dabble a little, you know ...

TARAK: He was asking about scientists, in the centre.
(TURNING TO THE DOCTOR) All right, it's time for some answers.

(THE DOCTOR IS
WANDERING ABOUT
THE ROOM, LOOKING
AT VARIOUS PIECES
OF EQUIPMENT,
NODDING IN SATISFACTION)

THE DOCTOR: To the usual questions, I assume. Who are we? Why did we come here? All that old stuff.

TARAK: It'll do for a start.

THE DOCTOR: Oh let's not talk about me. (INDICATING THE JUNK) This looks much more interesting. You've actually got some of it working?

KALMAR: We have a generator - it gives us power for air, and light and heat. And the communicators ...

TARAK: (BITTERLY) But no weapons, eh Kalmar?

KALMAR: When we have re-discovered basic scientific principles, we shall be able to make weapons of our own. But it takes time!

TARAK: How many of us have lived and died like rats, because everything takes time!

ROMANA: How long have things been like this?

KALMAR: Forever. The Lords rule in the Tower, the peasants toil in the fields. Nothing has changed in a thousand years.

THE DOCTOR: Isn't that a bit dangerous. Chap in the village was saying they protect you from The Wasting.

KALMAR: You know about The Wasting?

THE DOCTOR: Only by repute. What is it?

TARAK: (FIERCELY) The Lords. They are The Wasting.

13. INT. CENTRE. DAY.

(ADRIC SLIPS
CAUTIOUSLY
IN AND LOCKS
AROUND.

THE CENTRE IS
EMPTY EXCEPT
FOR MARTA,
IVO'S WIFE,
WHO IS PREPARING
A POT OF GRUEL.

ADRIC'S HAND
APPEARS FROM
OUT OF THE
SHADOWS, AND
STARTS TO CLOSE
ON A LOAF OF
BREAD.

MARTA SEES THE
HAND AND GRABS
IT, PULLING ADRIC
INTO THE LIGHT.

SHE LOOKS AT
HIM AND LETS GO
(IN HORROR)

MARTA: Who are you? How did
you come here?

ADRIC: I walked.

MARTA: I don't know you!

ADRIC: I don't know you
either.

MARTA: But it's not
possible ...

ADRIC: (TEARING AT THE LOAF)
I'm looking for two friends
of mine. Don't suppose
you've seen them, have you?
Tall man with curly hair in
a funny hat and silly scarf.
There'd be a girl with him.

MARTA: There were other
strangers here earlier.
A Lord and a Lady.

ADRIC: Any idea where they
are?

MARTA: They went to the
Tower.

(IVO ENTERS AND
SEES ADRIC -- HE
TOO IS ASTONISHED)

IVO: What are you doing
with my bread?

(HE GRABS ADRIC
AND SHAKES HIM)

Who are you?

MARTA: He's looking for the
two strangers.

IVO: Let him look somewhere
else then.

(HE SHOVES ADRIC
AWAY.)

MARTA'S KINDNESS
OVERCOMES HER
FEAR)

MARTA: You can't send him out now, it's not safe. Let him stay the night at least. Maybe his friends will come for him.

IVO: And suppose someone from the Tower comes?

MARTA: They'll never notice him. He's only a boy.

(SHE TAKES A
ROUGH SMOCK--
COAT FROM A
HOOK AND PASSES
IT TO ADRIC)

Here, wear this. It belonged to my son.

(ADRIC LOOKS AT
THE GARMENT WITH
DISTASTE)

ADRIC: Whatever you say.

(HE SLIPS THE
SMOCK ON AND
GRINS DISARMINGLY
AT MARTA)

Well, if I'm staying ...
(HE REFILLS HIS BOWL) You wouldn't have any cheese, would you? (SEEING THEIR BLANK FACES) Never mind.

14. INT. REBEL H.Q. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR
IS HELPING
KALMAR WITH
THE VIDEO
CONSOLE.

ROMANA AND
TARAK AND
THE OTHERS
LOOK ON)

VEROS: Years ago some of us
were on the run from Zarko's
men. We fled into the waste-
lands and discovered this - dump.
All kinds of wonderful things,
just thrown here, half-buried.
There was even food, mountains
of it ...

KALMAR: Some of us could still
read. It's forbidden but the
knowledge was passed on in
secret. We found books and
tapes, pieced things together.

THE DOCTOR: Reading is for-
bidden?

KALMAR: All science, all
knowledge, is forbidden by
the Lords. The penalty for
study is death.

ROMANA: No schools?

KALMAR: Children start in
the fields as soon as they
can walk, stay there till
they grow up, grow old and
die.

VEROS: Those that escape
the Selection.

ROMANA: What's the Selection.

VEROS: Some are taken to
the Tower - to serve the
Lords.

KALMAR: So they say.

THE DOCTOR: I can see you've
got a lot to rebel against.
Wait a minute ...

(THE VIDEO
SCREEN HAS
LIT UP.

HE MAKES AN
ADJUSTMENT TO
THE CONSOLE.
THE SCREEN
FLICKERS AND
DIES)

It's out of guarantee, I
suppose. A manual for this
would be helpful.

(ROMANA TAKES
OVER AT THE
CONSOLE)

ROMANA: It's just a standard
Earth-type data bank. We'll
have to crack the entry code
and ... (cont...)

(SHE TRAILS OFF,
SUDDENLY REALI-
SING. SHE'S
BEEN CAUGHT UP
IN THE TECHNOLOGY
TO SEE WHAT'S
BEEN STARING HER
IN THE FACE. SHE
LOOKS AT THE
DOCTOR)

ROMANA: (cont) Earth-type!!

(THE DOCTOR NODS
DELIGHTEDLY)

THE DOCTOR: Homely old technology. Back on 20th Century Earth the engineers used to just ...

(HE THUMPS THE
CONSOLE. THE
SCREEN SPRINGS
INTO ACTION AGAIN,
DISPLAYING AN
INITIATING
MENU)

Definitely an Earth
device.

ROMANA: (READING FROM
THE CONSOLE) Ship's manifest
and cargo, flight plan from
Earth, - so it is Earth.
'Crew of exploration - vessel
Hyperion en route from
earth, destination Beta two
in the Perugellis Sector.

THE DOCTOR: Instead of
which they ended up here.

ROMANA: They must have
gone through a CVE as well.
Ship's officers. (cont ...)

(WE SEE THE GREEN
PHOSPHOR MONO-
CHROME SCREEN.
WITH ONE OR TWO
CORRUPTIONS
(SPELLING ERRORS,
BLANKS, INTRUSIVE
RANDOM CHARACTERS)
THE LEGEND APPEARS.

"STAFF LIST

CAPTAIN: MILES
SHARKEY
NAVIGATIONAL
OFFICER: LAUREN
MACMILLAN
SCIENCE OFFICER:
ANTHONY O'CONNOR
IDENTIFICATION
PICTURES FOLLOW")

ROMANA: (cont) It's still
legible.

THE DOCTOR: Not bad consider-
ing it's been in memory chips
for a thousand years.

(THE CAPTIONS
ARE FOLLOWED
BY SIMILARLY
CORRUPTED HEAD
AND SHOULDER
PICTURES DIS-
PLAYED SIM-
ULTANEOUSLY.
IN REALITY WE
ARE SEEING
ZARGO, CAMILLA
AND AUKON.
THEY LOOK YOUNG
AND FIT AND
WEAR SPACE
PILOT UNIFORMS)

TARAK: Those faces.

(HE IS STARING
AT THE SCREEN)

THE DOCTOR: They must be
long dead by now.

TARAK: I was a Tower Guard
before I joined Kalmar. I
saw them everyday.

(TARAK APPROACHES
THE SCREEN TO GET
A BETTER LOOK.
THE DEBASED IMAGES
LOOK EVEN LESS
DEFINITIVE IN
CLOSE-UP)

TARAK: (cont) But as you
say, it can't be.

THE DOCTOR: Who did you see
every day?

TARAK: The Three who Rule.
The King and his Queen.

THE DOCTOR: That's two.

TARAK: And Aukon, the
councillor. (TURNING FROM
THE SCREEN) No. I'm sorry.
I see their faces everywhere.
(SAVAGELY) If you knew
these people, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: I think
perhaps I should, don't
you. (TO ROMANA).

TARAK: (SUDDENLY TO KALMAR)
They're supposed to be our
prisoners - or have you
forgotten that?

KALMAR: (WITH AUTHORITY)
No. While I lead I will
make the decisions. Release
them.

TELECINE 6:

Ext. Woods. Dusk.

The first hint of
an eerie greenish
darkness descending.

THE DOCTOR and
ROMANA hurrying along.

ROMANA: It seems to be
getting dark suddenly.

THE DOCTOR: Night must fall
Romana. Even in E-space.

There is a chittering
sound.

ROMANA: It doesn't feel
natural ... There's that
noise again.

THE DOCTOR: It's only bats.
Almost certainly harmless.

Something swoops down
from the darkness and
strikes at the
DOCTOR'S CHEEK. He
snatches off his hat
and swipes it away.
He puts a hand to
his cheek - blood.

THE DOCTOR: Theoretically.
These bats seem to be
exceptionally carnivorous.

ROMANA laughs but
another bat heads in
her direction.

15. EXT. TOWER, NIGHT.

(MODEL SHOT.

THE TOWER LOOMS
UP SINISTERLY
IN THE EERIE
DARKNESS.

RESUME DOCTOR
AND ROMANA.

IT DARKENS .
STILL FURTHER.

ROMANA SCREAMS
AS THE BATS
SWOOP DOWN FOR
THEIR FINAL
ATTACK)

ROMANA: Do you mind if we
get a move on?

THE DOCTOR and ROMANA
hurry on.

It gets darker. The
chittering of the bats
becomes louder and
louder.

They run on, faster
and faster, the cloud
of (electronic) bats
swirling around them.

Periodically a bat
swoops down to the
attack, and THE
DOCTOR beats it
off with his hat.

After a long and
terrifying chase,
THE DOCTOR and
ROMANA are forced
to stumble to a
halt, gasping
for breath.

ROMANA: (POINTING) Look!

END TELECINE 6.

TELECINE 7:

SUPOSE CAM

End
Titles:

END TELECINE 7.

FADE OUT